

## The Times' Daily Short Story.

## Lessons In Self Reliance

(Original.)

As a girl I had none of that feeling of independence which leads young women nowadays to strike out for themselves. I confess there was enough of the woman in me to induce me to look to a man for support. That man came along in the person of Dudley Dean, a strong willed fellow, thoroughly able to take care of himself—and another. When we met I was twenty, he thirty-two. My pliant nature seemed to be just the complement for his strong individuality. I found it delicious to have some one to make up my mind for me, and he delighted in taking the responsibility upon himself. One moonlight night in spring, when the air was fragrant with the odor of blossoms, I sank into his arms and promised to be his wife.

The next morning he said he wanted to have a serious talk with me. Life was a serious matter, and marriage the most serious part of life. That plan which had been so attractive to him, once we were married, might prove detrimental. A husband cannot always be turning aside to make decisions for his wife. During our engagement he would endeavor to lead me to the cultivation of self reliance.

This sounded well, and I chimed in with his wishes. One of the first lessons he gave me was this: He had engaged to take me to a concert one evening, and while I was waiting for him a messenger came with a note and two tickets to the concert. The note informed me that he had suddenly been called away on business, and I must rely on myself to secure an escort. Somehow I didn't like the lesson a bit. John Curtis, an old beau of mine, whom I had rejected because I thought he was too easy going, lived near, and I wrote him a note asking if he would be my escort. He gladly complied, and we passed a very pleasant evening together.

When Dudley returned and found how I had got over the bridge he had built for me, he was not especially gratified. I told him that I was but a weak woman and had done the best I could.

The next lesson was in this wise: I asked Dudley if he would prefer that I forego my summer outing to be with him—he would take no vacation—or go, as had been my custom, for a month to the seashore. I was ready to give up my outing and only wished to have him intimate that he would like me to remain with him. He told me coldly that a girl who could not make up her own mind in such a small matter would never be able to make it up in a larger one. This decided me. I went to the seashore. John Curtis, who did not know of my engagement, encouraged by my having asked him to be my escort to the concert, came down while I was there, and we spent two weeks in

each other's company. I confess very pleasantly. I began to realize that Dudley's lessons in self reliance were not pleasant. Furthermore, it was becoming apparent to me that John's vacillating manner was a good deal on the surface. He had a way of having his way, appearing all the while to be too lazy to make up his mind what he wanted.

John had not been at the seashore ten days before Dudley heard of it and wrote me either to leave the place or require Curtis to leave or break our engagement. This made me angry, and I replied that he should either come and finish my outing with me or permit me to choose my own company or consider himself released from his engagement.

This should have taught my fiancé that I had had practical instruction enough in self reliance, at least for the present, but by this time I had clashed with his will, and he could no longer be a disinterested teacher. He did not reply to my letter, but waited till I went home. Then he came to see me. I was in the kitchen at the time making cake. I sent for him to come right out there.

"It seems," he said, "that you have taken me to be as weak a character as yourself. Having accepted me, you are now vacillating between me and a former lover. I have called to say that under no consideration will I permit—"

"And under no consideration will I permit!"—I retorted, with flashing eyes. "It is plain that your makeup is of the most dangerous character—just the kind to give a husband trouble. First you vacillate between two lovers, and when the man to whom you have pledged your truth objects obstinacy comes in and—"

"I wish you to understand," I interrupted, "that your tutoring in self reliance is not agreeable to me, and I will have no more of it."

"I have never known any one," he went on in his superior way, "with a weak will who would not when irritated go to the other extreme."

"And I have never known any one," I replied, "with an imperious will that didn't want to dominate every one else."

"Weakness and obstinacy, taken together!"

I had reached a point where endurance was out of the question. I raised the rolling pin I held in my hand and brought it down—not on his head, for it was not there—but on the kitchen door, which he closed behind him, cracking a panel. Then I sat down and cried.

That was the last of my lessons in self reliance and the last of my engagement with Dudley Dean. John Curtis heard of the situation and came to see me.

"You are just the girl for a weakling like myself," he said. "Nothing would do me so much good as an occasional rap with a rolling pin."

I married John and have been his willing slave ever since.

ROSALIE THURBER.

## The Highland Chief

(Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure.)

The big Highland Chief, bound from Liverpool to Australia, had got to the mouth of St. Helena when Paul Davis, her captain, became temporarily insane and drove all his crew except the cook and a boy to take to the longboat and sail away. Thus the brig was left without a crew, and that was the beginning of a long adventure.

On the next day there came a gale from the north, and the Chief went scudding away before it, but after a run of a hundred miles she was dismantled and left a wreck on the tumbling seas. The cook was of no account as a sailor and the boy of little help, but the wreckage was cut loose, and four days after the gale the hulk was riding high and dry and as tight as a bottle below. This was when she was sighted for the first time after the crew left. I was one of the crew of the English bark Hawthorne, homeward bound from India, and one morning we sighted the wreck and bore up for it.

Our mate was sent aboard, and from Captain Davis, who seemed all right in his head again, he got the particulars I have given you. Finding the hulk sound and the cargo valuable, the mate offered to send men aboard to rig jury masts and sail her into port, but the captain would not allow it. Neither would he consent to be taken off the wreck. If the cook and the boy wanted to go he had no objection, but he had started on a voyage to Australia, and he would finish it or sink with his craft. The cook, who was a relative of the captain, decided to stay, but the boy had had enough of it and was brought aboard of us. We lay by the wreck for three hours, hoping the pair left aboard would change their minds, but as they did not we sailed away.

It was two weeks before the Highland Chief was spoken again. In that

time she had drifted 350 miles to the south. This time she was overhauled by the steamer Kongo Prince, India bound, and a boat was sent aboard. Captain Davis was found at dinner. He had weathered another gale and the hulk was still sound. The steamer offered him a tow to Cape Town, but he rejected the offer.

The cook had tired of the situation and wished to be taken off, but the captain had made up his mind to stick and no arguments could dissuade him. The cook went aboard the steamer, and the captain was left alone on a groaning hulk in midocean. It was thirty-one days before she was boarded again, and the wreck had drifted 500 miles, though not altogether to the south. She was in the highway of commerce, however, and had probably been passed by a score of craft which failed to make her out.

One morning she was sighted by the American tea ship Flying Scud, homeward bound, and, as usual, a boat was sent aboard. Captain Davis was in good health and the hulk as sound as a dollar. He admitted that he was a bit lonely, but was more determined than ever to stick to his craft. What he wanted were spars and a few men, and it so happened that the Scud could accommodate him with both. Then he raised the question of price and refused to pay what was asked, and he finally fell into a temper and ordered his callers back to their own craft. Although he had driven his own crew away by his threats he took it much to heart that they had gone, and there seemed to be a hope on his part that they would finally return. In his obstinacy he lost sight of the fact that any one else had rights in the case. While he owned the brig others owned the cargo, and as soon as his adventure was reported steps were taken to rescue him by force. In other words, any craft sighting him was authorized to tow the hulk into port and claim salvage on the cargo, which I believe was valued at about \$200,000.

A week later the wreck was overhauled by the English bark Endeavor, which had received notice of the desire of the owners of the cargo. The captain of the Endeavor made up his mind to seize the wreck, rig jury masts and carry her into port, and a nice plum in the way of salvage he would have had had he succeeded. The Highland Chief was then below the latitude of the cape and drifting to the south. Captain Davis, calmly smoking a cigar and seeming to be clear of all anxiety, received the mate of the Endeavor in a hospitable manner, but soon let him understand that he did not intend to leave the wreck. If he could get spare spars at his own figure and if three or four men could be had without a bonus

## THE POINT IS JUST HERE

You don't buy medicine if you are not sick. You buy it because you feel something that tells you you are suffering from a disease. But if you are suffering from a disease, you should not buy medicine until you have first consulted a physician. The point is just here.

## APH-RO-DOX

Makes life worth living for both men and women. Aph-ro-dox is curing thousands in New England today. If you are "run down," feel listless and all tired out you can have the cure in Aph-ro-dox. It is the only cure for a nervous disease. Aph-ro-dox is the antidote. Aph-ro-dox is the only cure that restores the body, tones the whole system at the same time. Recommended and prescribed by physicians throughout the world. Sold by all leading druggists. Aph-ro-dox used according to directions, with a fair, honest, test.

## CURES TO STAY CURED

\$1.50 a large bottle.

He would make shift to finish his voyage.

This was no more than he had said before, but the mate of the Endeavor believed that loneliness and anxiety had affected his mind to a considerable extent. While he was obstinate minded and had a pride of keeping his word, his whole fortune was invested in that hulk, and it was but natural he should want to save it. The captain of the Endeavor offered him fair terms in several directions, and it was only after Davis had rejected them that a move was made to carry the wreck by force.

The mate returned with four men to back him, and, suspecting their intentions, Captain Davis armed himself and ordered them off. When no attention was paid to his threats he opened fire and killed the mate and a common hand and wounded a third man. That ended any further attempt on the part of the Endeavor to take possession.

That was the last time man or wreck was seen by mortal eye. Men-of-war hunted for her for months and a hundred merchantmen kept a lookout, but she was never again reported.

M. QUAD.

## RIVAL TO LAWN TENNIS.

Tambourello the Latest Game Played in London.

The newest outdoor game is called by the somewhat euphonious name of tambourello, says the London Mail. It derives this name from the instrument of play, which is nothing more or less than a tambourine. The game is played exactly like lawn tennis, the difference being that in place of a racket a tambourine is used.

But this difference is a big one, as any one who has ever played lawn tennis will readily understand. That the game has prospects of becoming popular is evidenced by the fact that two clubs have recently made application to the London county council for permission to play tambourello in the parks under the council's control, and this permission has been readily accorded.

The physical exercise afforded by tambourello is considerable, and to hit the ball with such an awkward instrument requires a remarkably strong wrist. Nothing but practice can develop on this particular type, which will later no doubt be known as the tambourello wrist. The tambourine, by the way, if the player so wishes, can be fitted with the usual bells, which will lend a musical accompaniment to the game.

While tambourello will probably become very popular among the gentler sex, men will also find in the game a pastime at which it is by no means easy to become an accomplished player. Beginners find it very hard to return a ball over the net at all. When they make their first attempts the tambourine lacks driving power—or apparently lacks it until the secret of its driving capabilities has been discovered. It takes some practice to make the discovery, but when the trick of driving the ball has been learned immense impetus can be given it with the tambourine.

The game in the London parks will, of course, be played on grass, but an asphalt court offers better facilities. Volleying cannot be indulged in, and a slow court, as a grass court often is, especially after rain, does not permit of a good back game. Lady players will especially appreciate the advantages of playing from the back of the court, for it is doubtful if ever they could develop the tambourello wrist sufficiently to enable them to volley to any great extent.

Tobacco. It has been calculated that a ton of tobacco withdraws over a hundred-weight of mineral constituents per acre of land.

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Hotels on Schroon Lake. Leland House, C. T. Leland, Mgr. Schroon Lake, N. Y. Oniawa House, F. C. Bailey, Schroon Lake, N. Y. Taylor House (and 15 Cottages), C. F. Taylor, Jr., Mgr. Taylor's on Schroon, N. Y. Watch Rock Hotel, George Cecil, Prop. Adirondack, N. Y. Moon Hill Camp, Miss Helen Warner, Prop. Pottersville, N. Y. Wells House, J. B. Wells, Prop. Pottersville, N. Y. For rates please write to the above addresses, also for booklets and further information.

## R. E. PATTISON DEAD

Former Governor of Pennsylvania Victim of Pneumonia.

## LOST HEALTH IN POLITICS.

Had Not Been Well Since Last gubernatorial Campaign and Wore Himself Out at the Recent St. Louis Convention.

Philadelphia, Aug. 2.—Robert E. Pattison, who was twice Democratic governor of Pennsylvania and twice comptroller of Philadelphia, has died in Overbrook, a suburb of this city. Pneumonia, complicated with a weakness of the heart, was the cause of death. He was fifty-three years old.

Mr. Pattison was a candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket against Governor Pennypacker in 1902 and had not been a well man since his laborious campaign in that year, when his tour of seven weeks covered nearly every county in the state. He was a member of the committee on resolutions of the recent Democratic national



FORMER GOVERNOR PATTISON.

convention at St. Louis, and his health failed under the strain. He remained in St. Louis a few days after the convention to rest and, returning home, resumed his business, dividing his time between this city and New York.

Last Friday pneumonia developed, and heart complications aggravated Mr. Pattison's illness.

Former Governor Pattison was born at Quantico, Md., Dec. 8, 1850, the son of Robert Henry Pattison, a prominent Methodist minister. The former governor's youth was spent in Philadelphia, where he attended the public schools and later studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1872. In 1877 he was elected city comptroller of Philadelphia on the Democratic ticket by a majority of 2,000. His conduct of the city's affairs gained him such popularity that when he came up for reelection, in 1880, he was returned by a majority of more than 13,000 over his single Republican opponent, running ahead of his party by 33,000.

In 1882 he was, in spite of his youth, nominated for governor, after a close contest in the state convention, and was elected by a plurality of 40,202 over General James A. Beaver, his Republican opponent.

He retired from the office in 1887 and resumed the practice of law in Philadelphia. A little later he was elected president of the Chestnut Street National bank, having declined the auditorship of the treasury tendered him by President Cleveland. He was subsequently made president of the Pacific railroad commission, in which capacity he rendered valuable service.

In 1890 he was again nominated for governor and carried the state by a majority of 18,554, although the rest of the Democratic ticket was defeated by a majority of more than 20,000.

McMillin Leaves Senatorial Race. Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 2.—In a signed statement to the Democratic voters of Tennessee, issued last night, former Governor Benton McMillin withdraws from the race for United States senator to succeed General William B. Bate, the incumbent. In explanation of his act Mr. McMillin says: "I take this course at this time because in certain counties that have heretofore acted favorably to me the opposition has gone so far as to nominate and threaten to nominate independent legislative tickets, and I am anxious to remove any action which tends to party defeat."

## Judge Parker Incommunicado.

Esopus, N. Y., Aug. 2.—Until after the notification ceremonies on Aug. 10 callers at Rosemount will be discouraged. Judge Parker is making few appointments. He is superintending the harvesting of a field of rye. William F. Sheehan, who spent Sunday at his home, Atwood, has returned to New York.

J. O. D. J. V. B. Donk Arrives. New York, Aug. 2.—J. O. De Jong Van Beeken Donk, governor of Cuzco; Lieutenant Commander Clifford J. Bousch and Ensign Isaac I. Yates, United States navy, have arrived here on the steamer Philadelphia from Venezuela and Porto Rico.

French Commandant at Tangier. Paris, Aug. 2.—The sultan of Morocco, Tangiers, in accord with the French government, has appointed Captain Fournier of the French army to command the Moorish police in the Tangier district.

## CIRCUS MONTPELIER, AUG. 4th

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Which, in unparalleled and splendid profusion not only include all the best attractions that all others can possibly produce, but a similar host of newly added Foreign and Domestic.

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14-FULL-GROWN LIVING POLAR BEARS

A greater number than Sir John Franklin, Kane, Greely or Peary ever saw together at any one time.

Those Parisian Femoral Pets and Prodiges.

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PRODIGIOUS PORTHOS, THE CHASM-VAULTING CYCLIST

Who, in a seeming desperate dash to sure destruction, leaves his headlong course to fly fifty feet

swayed through space and then regains his narrow pathway unscathed. Among their heroic, historic and marvelous military features, those incomparable masters of manual and drill.

THE ALL-CONQUERING AURORA ZOAVES

so aptly described by the New York Journal as "A HUGE RED-LEGGED CENTIPEDE, whose CELERITY and PRECISION HAVE ASTOUNDED THE MILITARY WORLD."

The Only Troupe of 9 Hungarian Magyars

all eccentric dances, melodies, and almost

surprisingly strenuous acrobatic originalities of their mysterious race.

THE MOUNTING MANIA OF THE BEWITCHED BIKE.

And still another pre-eminent Parisian phenomenon.

Whose combined handwork Sully and Park Cart Juggling innovations, in the course of which, holding a Sully shift by its shafts, he springs from the ground to the back of his running thoroughbred, and balances a Park Cart on his chin, are surpassing illustrations of skill and strength.



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## EDICT AGAINST TIPPING

Why Andrew Carnegie Objects to the Custom.

DEMORALIZING AND PERNICIOUS.

Laird of Skibo Castle, Who Has Posted "Please Do Not Tip the Servants" Notice in Rooms of Guests, Surprised, English Society - How Servants Are Engaged and Treated.

Exclusive social circles in London are astounded at the latest bit of Americanism of the very Americanized Andrew Carnegie and his wife and consider the most recent innovation of the laird of Skibo a direct infringement of an almost legendary rule, says the New York Journal.

The multimillionaire philanthropist's edict which has surprised society in London and the highlands has been posted in his castle and reads:

"Please do not tip the servants."

Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie are lavish entertainers. As is customary with the rich, when a visitor arrives at the home of a friend to spend a few days he is assigned a footman, valet and coachman. These are his personal attendants so long as he stays. At the end of his sojourn he usually tips them from \$2 to \$5 each.

Visitors at Skibo castle used to do the same thing. But its master noticed the effect it produced on his servants, and he characterized the tipping system as demoralizing and pernicious. So he placed the "Don't tip" notice directly over the servants' bells of each of his guests. Whether London and

the highland exclusives will follow the action of Mr. Carnegie is a matter of doubt.

A recent visitor to Skibo said:

"In every room there is a placard near the electric push button requesting the guests not to tip the servants. In fact, if one gave a shilling to every employee on the Skibo estates he would find his purse depleted. There are ten servants for every guest, and twelve gardeners attend to the green terraces. Eight footmen stand in the dining room every night and do nothing but pour champagne. Then there are common butlers to wait on table. Each guest is provided with individual servants. Each guest's chamber is provided with dressing room and bath. The baths, sunken in marble doors, are most luxuriant."

Over this remarkable establishment one light-haired young woman presides as housekeeper. She has two assistants, and they in turn have their underlings, who devote their time to the inspection of the kitchen and bedrooms and engage and discharge servants. Andrew Carnegie's establishment is paradise for his servants. The same is true of his Fifth avenue home in New York. His servants are engaged at a yearly salary, and should they remain longer than a year their pay is increased every year until the fifth. When an employee has remained with the Carnegies for five years he or she is entitled to an annual pension in case of incapacitation from work. It is said that the Carnegies have more domestic servants than any other family outside of royalty.

Western Korea.

Western Korea is a very rough country, but it is cut up by large river valleys, and near the coast of the Yellow sea there are many level plains. In the north is the strategic Yalu river, the boundary of Korea.

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